

## JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

Latest News and Gossip  
Of Washington Hostesses'  
Fads, Fancies, and Doings

Dear Susan:

House hunting—or the business of letting one's house—the servant question, the selection of schools for the kiddies, the purchase of a winter wardrobe at once chic, becoming, and keeping with the proper wartime simplicity; decorators, and upholsterers—these are the problems now occupying the attention of society folk, and these the principal topics of conversation whenever two or three are gathered together.

In consequence there has been a lull in the round of entertaining accentuated by the absence of the Japanese mission. Viscount Ishii and his honorable associates returned, it is true, before the end of the week, but after a strenuous week or two here and an equally strenuous week at Newport, they were quite willing to forego all entertaining. Even Cupid rested on his laurels, and there were no big weddings—at least in Washington—to interest society folk.

With the return of the "residents"—the only coterie of Washington—those who have been away from town for more than a breathing spell this summer—who are slowly drifting back from the mountains and the sea, the question, "What shall we do with our debutantes?" begins to demand an answer.

War Conditions Will Prevent  
Elaborate Coming Out.

Mother of debutante daughters open loath to commit themselves as to their plans for the coming winter, but I venture to prophesy that this winter there'll be "no such animal" as the debutante of other years. I mean that society women and society girls, who are daily proving themselves no mere butterflies, are not likely in wartime to lay out a systematic social campaign, to entertain lavishly and as elaborately as has been considered necessary in former years, or to provide the voluminous and expensive trousseau which the debutante has always considered her due.

In several other cities society leaders have agreed that their daughters, if they come out at all, shall slip out informally. Perhaps we may take our cue from certain Southern cities where, it is said, girls can't "come out" officially, never having been really "in." Of course, there'll be a certain amount of entertaining for the young folks, especially since so many lads in khaki are on duty in and about town; but I believe you'll find that most of the girls will be more interested in war work of various sorts which they have undertaken than in the business of being debutantes.

It's an unusually interesting little group of buds who are graduating from the school room to the drawing room this year. There's Mrs. Armstrong's daughter, Hallie Davis, and her cousin, Ellen Bruce Lee, both of whom are granddaughters of the late Senator Henry Gassaway Davis; and Mrs. Charles Brownell's daughter, Mildred Brownell. All three girls have decided that they'll have no formal debut, at least this season, but they are certain to be important factors in any social program which may develop. Louise Thron, daughter of Mrs. Harry Leonard, and Betty Burnett, daughter of Mrs. Sidney Ballou, are on the debutante list, although Mrs. Ballou says she doubts if there will be much formality about her daughter's presentation. Mrs. Leonard and Louise Thron are expected back in town tomorrow from Denver.

Mary Duncan Gibson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson Gibson and niece of Preston Gibson, is also to have her first winter in society this year, and so is Adele Godoy, the youngest of the Godoy girls. Mary Duncan Gibson will, however, probably keep up her study of languages, and certainly she'll continue to cultivate her really lovely voice.

An Impromptu  
Debutante Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Bartlett gave the jolliest of debutante parties the other day, the festivity being a surprise party to the hosts as well as the guests. It happened in this wise.

A little group of members of the Red Cross refreshment corps, Mrs. Larr Anderson among 'em, had trotted out to Union Station at 9 o'clock in the morning, one of these chilly autumnal mornings we have been having lately, to serve breakfast for a trainload of soldier boys on their way through town to somewhere in America.

The train was held up, no one knew when it would be in; and the ladies faced the alternative of waiting round in the cold or else going home and running the risk of missing the train entirely.

Then, someone bethought herself of the possibility of paying an early morning call on the Bartletts. They went to live close by Union Station for much the same reason that Ma-homet went to the mountains—it is there Mr. Bartlett receives the mail for his sculptures, and it would not be an easy matter for him to have them transported all across town. Of course, the charming house which the Bartletts have in this out of the way part of town was shut up tight when the little cavalcade of women, in their chilly refreshment corps costumes, approached; but they managed to find a door into the sun porch open and huddled there trying to keep warm in the thin morning sunshine.

Hospitality in a Cap and Apron.

A little later appeared a maid, whose hospitable instincts awoke as soon as she had recovered from her astonishment at finding so many uninvited guests. She asked them into the big artistic studio, lit a fire for them, and in a little while had an appetizing breakfast in course of preparation. When the coffee was bubbling the guests called up the stairs to their hosts, extending them a pressing invitation to the party. This was promptly accepted, and I believe the Bartletts enjoyed the impromptu party as much as the rest of the group.

Has the Boston Red Cross got a refreshment corps yet, Susan? This is one of the sundry branches of Red Cross activities tried out in Washington in the effort to make the district of Columbia chapter a model of complete and varied service, and many other cities have taken up the refreshment corps idea. Of course, there has been some criticism of the work—everything constructive comes in for criticism—on the ground that Red Cross money is being wasted to provide food for men that are already well fed; but I don't believe that anyone who has seen the corps in action at Union Station could have anything but a good word to say for it.

To be sure the soldier boys who are going through Washington by the hundreds, most of them with "Berlin Buns" writ large on their faces, are only occasionally actually in need of a meal, and that's when the trains have been tied up and somehow detached from the commissary arrangements. But did you ever see boys, and most of the soldiers are boys, when they weren't hungry? Besides, between you and me and the gatepost, I believe the coffee and sandwiches, which make up the menu, can be done to make them realize that the people of the country take an interest in their going and are back of the army heart and soul.

To Let the Boys in Khaki  
Know We're Back of Them.

Certainly anything that helps to rouse the enthusiasm of the army for the heavy task before them is worth while—especially now that the draft is on, and some of whom scarcely realize why, even now, why and for what we are at war, are beginning to come through. And if you'd see the demonstrations when some of the trains move out you wouldn't doubt that the work of the refreshment corps helps the cause along mightily.

Some of the troop commanders are still a bit skeptical about necessity for such work, but others are markedly enthusiastic and explain that the efforts of ready hands in the kitchen fashion does wonders for the morale of the troops. It seems that the officials at Union Station, who were distinctly distant at first and regarded the whole proceeding as a nuisance, have been entirely won over. Unsolicited, they recently built a platform for the use of the ladies, so that they need not stand about on the wet ground.

But it is upon the little personal things the work enables one to do for the individual soldier boy that I like to dwell. For instance, the members of the corps always take charge of all telegrams and mail the soldiers wish to send, and it is Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt's special pleasure to stamp every letter and postal note personally attended to. Then, the other day when a train was held up, tracked for two hours way outside the station, and one lad was worrying about his mother, waiting anxiously there for him, a motor was dispatched to bring the old lady to her son. Otherwise they would not have seen each other, for after all the train was sent on without entering the station.

Sometimes when the soldiers want to send telegrams to their mothers who live in Washington, the ladies volunteer to call upon them in person, and many a mother has had such first hand news of her son, how he looked and what he said, to cheer her up. Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. George Barnett, Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. William Church, Mrs. Horace Westcott, Mrs. Glad Blair, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Frederick L. Hildekoper, Mrs. John F. Wilkins, Miss Mary Patten—there's a sample of the women who have been active in the work of the corps and who are ready at any time of day or night to respond to a call for food, to meet the trains and cheer up the troops.

Going to France to Do  
Canteen Work.

The members of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's motor corps co-operate with the refreshment corps and keep them supplied with motors. I hear, by the way, that Mrs. Copley Hewitt, who was Mrs. Harriman's right hand man in her motor corps last winter, has sailed for France to serve the canteens which are being established

way through town to somewhere in America. The train was held up, no one knew when it would be in; and the ladies faced the alternative of waiting round in the cold or else going home and running the risk of missing the train entirely.

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Here was too short.

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Since Countess de la Grasse and Mrs. Louise Aubert came to Washington to have been hearing frequently of the "Aid for Destitute Babies of France," the wonderful and appealing new work which is being taken up by a group of American women under the auspices of the American Fund for French Wounded, for both these interesting young women are members of the national central committee and both are intensely interested in the success of the new undertaking. Mrs. Cordenio Severance is also on the committee, likewise Mrs. Charles Steele, and the executive committee comprises such important women as Miss Maude Wetmore, Miss Anne Morgan, and Miss Elizabeth Marbury, that redoubtable trio who have wanted to go right out and bespeak support for the "Aid for Destitute Babies"—and that's why I'm telling you about it now.

Much has been done for the children of France who are old enough to tell their wants, but the work for tiny babies is just beginning. And think of the need for such succor in a country where there is very little cow's milk, and that little prohibitive in price, where the mothers are so overworked and underfed that they cannot nurse their babies, where frequently infants are wrapped in newspapers and fed on water in which grass and greens have been boiled. The plan is to establish a creche and hospital combined, where tiny babies may be taken in the morning and their mothers given a good breakfast before feeding the babies and going to work. At noon they will get another meal and nurse the babies, returning at the close of the day for a third meal and to take the babies home. None but sick babies will be kept at night. At present only one of these nurseries is planned in the vicinity of Paris, but later, as funds come in, the work will be extended as rapidly as possible.

First Unit of Volunteers  
To Start This Month.

The first unit is sailing this month. Its members are all volunteer workers, but as all supplies must be shipped from America, the expenses are heavy, especially in the beginning. Any contributions of hospital supplies, baby foods, cereals, corns, crackers, biscuits, baby blankets, soft sponges, soap and old table linen will be gratefully accepted. Contributions should be marked "Destitute Babies Aid," and sent to the American Fund for French Wounded, 29 West Twenty-third street, New York. All the work of the American Fund, by the way, has the recognition and approval of the French government. The organization was started soon after the beginning of the war, with Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin as chairman, and has done a wonderful work particularly in providing relief for small isolated hospitals.

To help preserve the lives of these war French babies is at once duty and a privilege, for they are French, the great France of the future, whose inspiring presence must not be missing from the council of the nations.

Miss Polk Harris  
French Cause.

Relief work in France has become an historic occupation in the Polk family—and it is likewise a family tradition to marry Frenchmen. It was in 1879, during the Franco-Prussian war that Antoinette Polk went to Paris to care for French wounded, the adventure to end with her marriage to General the Marquis de Charrette. And now comes the news that Daisy Polk, of California, sister of the brilliant young architect, Willis Polk, kinwoman—so I'm told—of the founder of the title Cour de Mimesis, Frank L. Polk, and grand-niece of President Polk, has been married to Gen. Louis Joseph Marie Robert de Duper, the most famous leader of cavalry in the French army.

She, too, went to France on a mission of mercy, to handle the funds given to France by Mrs. William H. Crocker for the restoration of Vitrymont. This American girl, who is dark, animated, and full of personality, has had a man-size job, and has handled it in such fashion as to earn from the country people of France the name "Mlle. de Chas Noua," or "Mlle. At Home With Us."

She is at present in charge of the reconstruction of Gerbeville. By her marriage she becomes Countess de Buyer-Mimeure, General de Buyer bearing the title Cour de Mimesis. Last January she was honored by the French government. The Marquis de Charrette-Antoinette Polk—still lives in Paris.

Introducing a  
New Writer.

Dorothy Dennett—it is who has suddenly appeared in a new role. That she is a very talented and cultivated musician all her friends in Washington know, for she has played at recitals scores of times and, for so young a girl, has been a remarkably prominent factor in the musical life of the city. But when a very clever little story, "Boy Love," appeared in the Washington Post recently, over the signature Dorothy Dixon Dennett everybody was surprised. This is Dorothy's first literary venture, and she is very proud and happy over her meed of